

Ranger's Progress.

Consisting of a Variety of

POETICAL ESSAYS,

MORAL, SERIOUS, COMIC, and SATYRICAL.

By HONEST RANGER,
OF BEDFORD-ROW.

- " 'Tis with a moral View design'd,
" To please and to reform Mankind,
" And, if I often miss my Aim,
" The World must own it, to their Shame,
" The Praise is mine, and theirs the Blame."

DEAN SWIFT. }

L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOR;
And Sold by T. KINNERSLY in St. Paul's Church-
Yard; and to be had of all other Bookfellers in Town
and Country.

M DCC LX.

Printed by J. H. ...

POLITICAL ...

THE ...

THE ...



THE ...

P R E F A C E.

TO let a new Book bounce into the World without a Preface, is like a Person's running into a strange House without first knocking at the Door; therefore I think it just in me to say something by way of introducing my Performance. And first, I beg of all such Readers as I am a Stranger to, to peruse with *Patience*, to judge with *Tenderness*, and condemn with *Mercy*.

I am conscious of having no more Pretensions to be a *Poet* than I have to be a *Prime Minister*, and those who truly

a 2

know

know me will not only readily forgive every Fault through the whole Book, but will greatly wonder how I could be able to write at all: They being sensible that all I know of *Writing* has been acquired through real Industry, and what I have wrote has been in the very short Intervals of an extreme *busy Life*.

Perhaps some will cry, *Why does the Fellow write at all, without he could write better?* To these I modestly answer: I hate *Gaming* and *Drinking*; and as most People have some *Maggots* and *Fancies* to indulge, mine is that of *Scribbling*, in which I own I take great Delight; it often renders me extremely happy, softens in general Life's busy Cares, and while I conceive no Crime in it, I imagine I have a right to scribble on. — But then cries some *surly Creature*, "'Tis a Crime to write ill." — Let it be so, it don't touch

P R E F A C E.

touch my Conscience, and I am certain it is a greater Crime in them to be *ill-natur'd*.

Critics I know nothing of, but am far from conceiving them to be so dreadful as they have been reported. I have a high Opinion of their Learning and good Sense; and shall be so far from fainting at the Thoughts of them, that I should be highly pleas'd to be favour'd with their good Advice, and make no Doubt but that the better Part of 'em will deal *Justice* with *Good Nature*.

And I beg leave to inform my Friends of each *Sex* and of all *Degrees*, that thro' my whole Progress there is scarce any Personal Reflections, *and not one on the fair Sex*. As Vice is general, so are my Pictures of it; and tho' I may be found

greatly wanting as to a fine Poet, yet no Person on Earth can pay a greater Regard to Modesty and Morality, than does your greatly oblig'd,

Obedient, and very

Humble Servant,

*Bedford-Row,
March 31, 1769.*

HONEST RANGER.

CONTENTS.

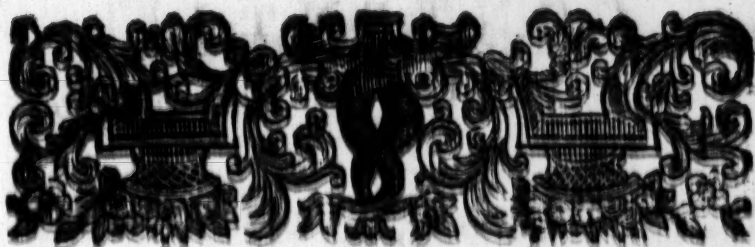
CONTENTS.

R ANGER's <i>early Affection</i> for the <i>Fair Sex</i> .	Page 1
His Progress while a Child.	2
Deep in <i>Love</i> while a School-Boy.	3
Resolv'd to get the better of the Ill-treatment he met with from his favourite <i>Suky</i> , and gains his Ends.	4
Ranger grown serious, resolved to ridicule the <i>Dupes</i> of <i>Folly</i> .	5
Ranger at an <i>Auction</i> .	6
Ranger (through Content) happier than <i>Kings</i> .	11
A Medley of <i>Morals</i> .	14
Ranger's Arrival at <i>Bath</i> .	18
His Remarks there.	20
Continued to Page	29
General Reflections, and some true modern Ple- tures.	30
On <i>Clarinda</i> .	33
<i>Jack Meggot</i> 's Advice to <i>Honest Ranger</i> .	36
Ranger's Answer.	38
A Reply to Ranger's Answer.	41
Ranger's Answer to <i>Jack Meggot</i> .	43
To <i>Honest Ranger</i> .	46
Ranger's Reply.	48
The agreeable <i>Modern Visit</i> .	51
Ranger's Ramble in his Sleep, a <i>Dream</i> .	54
Ranger	

CONTENTS.

<i>Ranger Moralizing, 1760.</i>	Page 58
A Melancholy Visit.	60
<i>Ranger at Buxton-Wells.</i>	63
A short Sketch of a modern Canonical Monster.	66
<i>Ranger on his Arrival in London.</i>	68
The Morning Visit.	71
On the General Fast.	75
From the Fairy to <i>Honest Ranger.</i>	78
<i>Ranger's</i> Reply to the Fairy.	82
<i>Ranger</i> determin'd to write on.	86
A Letter to the Irreverend Mr. <i>Daggrel.</i>	89
A Dialogue between Death and <i>Ranger.</i>	93
To all true <i>Britons</i> , on the Thanksgiving Day.	99
On my deceased Master.	101
To the Right Honourable <i>William Pitt, Esq.</i>	102
'Tis Time enough yet, sung by Mr. <i>Atkins.</i>	1759 105
<i>I wonder at you</i> , sung by Mr. <i>Atkins, 1759.</i>	107
An Epigram on the Peepers into Letters.	109
To a Lady, with the Character of a Cook-Maid.	110
<i>Ranger's</i> Frolick.	112
<i>Philomusus</i> to <i>Honest Ranger.</i>	114
<i>Ranger's</i> Reply to <i>Philomusus.</i>	115
The End of Time, a Vision.	117

RANGER:



RANGER'S PROGRESS.



*" Men are but Children of a larger Growth,
" Our Appetites as apt to change as theirs,
" And full as craving too and full as vain."*

DRYDEN.

I.



SINCE first I drew my Mother's
Breast,
Upon my honour I protest,
Women have me delighted.
For I had scarce been born an
Hour,
But was, by some peculiar Pow'r,
To love the Fair incited.

B

II.

2 RANGER'S PROGRESS.

II.

And when in Nurse's lap was fed,
Or was by her undress'd to Bed,
I to the Lass was cooing.
Young as I was my Heart was good,
And had she me but understood,
I her no doubt was wooing.

III.

A hopeful Babe I grew away,
And soon my Limbs began display,
With manly Agitations.
The Lasses wink'd at each, and smil'd,
And often cry'd, "*Lord love the Child,*"
What pretty Inclinations!

IV.

At few Months end I grew perverse,
And turn'd again upon my Nurse,
For which I'd oft' a trimming.
But her I scorn'd and leading Strings,
And proudly scrambled on by things,
Quite Master got of Women.

V.

V.

The Moment I could go alone,
I thought the World was all my own,
And flung away my Rattle.
Scorning the Sports of other Boys,
I chose the more sublimer Joys,
With pretty Girls to prattle.

VI.

From hence advancing to my Teens,
I seldom slept without my Dreams,
Of pretty lisping Suky.
I rather chose to die a Fool,
Than e'er without her go to School,
So struck was I with Beauty.

VII.

But Suky soon (like all her Sex)
Took Pride a tender Heart to vex,
But I could not endure it;
And soon this Remedy I found,
That when one Woman made a Wound,
A dozen more should cure it.

4 RANGER'S PROGRESS.

VIII.

This great Resolve I firmly kept,
Each Night with some new Beauty slept,
My Heart now free from Danger.
For when they talk'd of Love and Wife,
Thinking to take me in for Life,
'Twas only Fun for *Ranger*.

IX.

Each Fair a thousand Arts display'd,
By each ten thousand Things were said,
Their mighty Ends to carry.
But Heav'n knows my Heart was cloy'd,
And I inclin'd with those enjoy'd,
As soon to *hang* as *marry*.

X.

Prudence from hence encreas'd with Time,
Each Pleasure Reason prov'd a Crime,
When carried to Excess.
Past acts Reflection brought to view,
Pointing the Paths Man must pursue,
To solid Happiness.

Now

RANGER'S PROGRESS.

XI.

Now serious Scenes, as well as gay,
Employ my Mind, and ev'ry Day
I have the Pow'r to prove;
Of all the Ills we Mortals share,
More by ourselves created are,
Than e'er are sent by Jove.

XII.

To Gaming, Envy, Pride, and Gain,
Ambition, and her endless Train,
Men make themselves the Slave;
And yet those Creatures seldom fail,
Against the horrid Times to rail,
And ev'n at Fate will rave,

XIII.

Such Dupes of Folly, as I rove,
In artless Numbers I'll reprove,
And point their way from Danger.
This Wrong let *Vicious Pride* declare,
In *Virtue's Cause* the better Share
Will join with—Honest Ranger.

6 RANGER'S PROGRESS.



RANGER *at an* AUCTION.

I.

BLYTHE as the feather'd Songsters are,
Freer than Kings and happier far,
Through Life with Joy I range.
As Pleasures varying prompt to rove,
On Wings of Pleasure still I move,
Still bless'd the Scene I change.

II.

So in my Rounds the other Day,
I to an Auction chanc'd to stray,
Where curious Things were selling;
There wonder'd how it came about,
That such vast Crouds *came in, went out,*
And never bid a *Shilling*.

III.

RANGER'S PROGRESS.

7

III.

'Tis strange (said I) good Auctioneer,
The Things which you exhibit here,
To buy don't raise Desires.
No, no, (said he) I know too well,
Ladies come here themselves to sell,
And Men are (Fools) their Buyers.

IV.

Fools! (answer'd I) upon my Life!
He must be bless'd who picks a Wife
Amongst these charming Creatures.
Heav'n's how tall! how easy! fair!
To me they more than Angels are,
How regular their Features.

V.

Poh! Sir, (said he) your Raptures cease,
And view maturely yonder Piece,
Drawn from a modern Lady;
Whose Person all confess Divine,
She's married now, and spends her Time,
More trifling than a Baby.

VI.

For ever Rambling after Toys,
 At Home she gives nor takes no Joys;
 But knowing she's a Beauty,
 Thinks that alone may recompence,
 For loss of Honour, want of Sense,
 And ev'ry social Duty.

VII.

Gazing, I cry'd, if Man can find
 In such a Form so base a Mind,
 How dares he ever marry?
 Chuse not (*said he*) from outward Form,
 Her Mind let Virtue well adorn,
 You cannot then miscarry.

VIII.

Marriage, consider, is for Life,
 And from the Conduct of your Wife
 Comes Bliss, or sure Destruction.
 Be cautious in your Choice, 'tis wise,
 And as a Friend I you advise,
 Ne'er chuse her at an Auction.

IX.

IX.

Women that much frequent this Place,
Are of the giddy thoughtless Race,
Sure Dupes to ev'ry Fashion:
But don't be prejudiced by me,
Judge for yourself by what you see,
And use your own Discretion.

X.

Around attentively I gaz'd,
With Beauties charm'd, but how amaz'd!
A *Naked Piece* was showing,
And tho' the Scene I scarce could bear,
It had it's Charms, for all the Fair
Bid high when 'twas — a-going.

XI.

This Piece knock'd down, one up in change,
Both Sex to me appear'd more strange,
This was their real Behaviour:
The Men all yawn'd, the Ladies — they
Quite *Debonair*, laugh'd — talk'd away,
The Piece, it was our Saviour.

XII.

XII.

Stretch'd on the Cross, as when he gave
His Life our Souls for Heav'n to save,
It fill'd my Mind with Horror!
A Whitfieldlite bid Half a Crown,
The Auctioneer then knock'd it down,
And shook his Head in Sorrow.

XIII.

For Shame (ye vain unthinking Crew),
More noble Schemes henceforth pursue,
And live to Vice a Stranger.
For whilst to Follies ye are Tools,
Prais'd you will only be by Fools,
And ridicul'd by — *Ranger*.

RANGER'S PROGRESS. II



*" A Monarch's Crown,
" Golden in shew, is but a Crown of Thorns ;
" Brings Dangers, Troubles, Cares and sleepless
" Nights,
" To him who wears the Regal Diadem."*

MILTON.

" All Happiness is seated in Content."

OTWAY.

I.

TH O' Fortune thousands daily blame,
On me that Goddess still the same,
Deigns as I wish to smile.
For Views ambitious none I have,
Nor *hope* nor *wish* with Life to leave
This matchless happy Isle.

II.

And where's the Life like Ranger's spent ?
With Soul so joyous ! so content !
Content ! how vast a Treasure !
No Wars, no Cares shall dull my Hours,
I leave it all to higher Powers,
To fight it out at leisure.

III.

More blest am I than Prussia's King,
 Tho' now he's fam'd for ev'ry thing,
 And baffles ev'ry Danger:
 E'en tho' he boasts that in a Day,
 His tens of thousands he can slay,
 He's not so blest'd as *Ranger*.

IV.

Could Kings indeed like Honest * Bayes,
 Their Troops to Life at Pleasure raise,
 It would be something clever.
 But if their Joys from Slaughter spring,
 Heav'n grant that *Ranger* be no King,
 On no such Terms however.

V.

But why shou'd I of Monarchs prate?
 They as unhappy are as great,
 Much Care with Crowns is given:
 Lives unenjoy'd Kings pass away,
 Whilst mine's so much a *Jubilee Day*,
 That Earth's almost a Heaven.

* *Vide Bayes in the Rehearsal.*

VI.

VI.

Tho' Fools may wonder how and where,
Of Joy I reap so great a Share,
As daily fills my Breast;
Yet plain it is to Men of Sense,
If Heav'n grants Life a Competence,
Content adds all the rest.

VII.

Content! unbounded Pleasure yields,
Paints, for our Mirth th' imagin'd Ills,
The discontented share;
Softens our Pangs, whenever real,
Teaches for others us to feel,
And Death with ease to bear.

VIII.

This heav'nly Gift (enjoy'd by few)
Is Ranger's Lott, with it in View,
Life's chequer'd Course I steer;
Secure from Storms, serene my Breast,
I rove away supremely blest,
And nothing earthly fear.

IX.

14 RANGER'S PROGRESS

IX.

Ye heav'nly Pow'rs my Prayer attend,
On you alone I still depend,
To have my Joys complete,
Through you my Life so blest is grown,
That I (*except 'tis for your own*)
Wish not to change my State.



I.

THO' *Britain's Sons, to Britons Shame,*
With *War* see *Europe* all in *Flame,*
And trifle 'midst the *Danger*;
Though *Ar——r's Crews, like Beasts of Prey,*
Devour all Night, and sleep all Day,
Still happy's *Honest Ranger.*

II.

II.

Not but my Soul would truly feel
 For *George*, and for the *public Weal*,
 If I indulg'd Reflection;
 But then my *Joys* wou'd soon decline,
Cowards and *Knaves* in little Time
 Wou'd drive me to Distraction.

III.

No; — *Life's uncertain!* certain *short!*
He's wife who does such Pleasures court,
 As never end in *Sorrow*;
 Who (like *myself*) looks back with Joy,
 And wings the present Hours away,
 Regardless of *To-morrow*.

IV.

This to obtain, the *Scene* I change,
 By nat'ral Instinct led to range
 For ev'ry Joy in Season;
Park, *Play*, *Vauxhall*, the *Chace*, the *Fair*,
 To me in Turns delightful are,
 And *Church* I love with Reason.

V.

26 RANGER'S PROGRESS.

V.

- ' *Church!* (says some waggish Friend of mine)
' Pray *Honest Ranger*, at what Time
 ' Have you *that Place* frequented?
' You, who on *Earth* so happy are,
' And of *hereafter* void of *Fear*,
 ' Go you to *Church* contented!'

VI.

Church! Aye, and great Attention give;
When *Priests* preach well, and virtuous live,
 In Raptures I can hear 'em;
But if they lead *Immoral Lives*,
Debauch your *Daughters* and your *Wives*,
 My *Flesh* and *Blood* can't bear 'em.

VII.

Of *Priests* there may be *one in ten*,
Good, conscientious, worthy Men,
 Who honour much their *Function*;
But then there's some so wicked are,
That one wou'd think they really were
 With *Hell* in strong *Conjunction*.

VIII.

VIII.

To *these* for Knowledge shall we throng?
No, to distinguish *Right* from *Wrong*.

A Gift to all is giv'n:

Chuse for your *Monitor* your *Breast*,
Conscience and *Reason* guide the best,
Obey'd, they lead to *Heaven*.

IX.

Thus while such Thoughts my Soul possess,
Who can an earthly Happiness

Dispute with *Honest Ranger*?

Me then, you *Sons of Virtue*, join,
King, *Prince*, or *Patriot*, or *Divine*,
I'll make no kind of *Stranger*.

X.

Ye *Gods*, shou'd you with such a *Guest*
Deign to adorn a *modern Feast*,

Ranger will stir about *him*;

With *King* and *Prince* I'll range a *Pitt*,
Whereon a *Parson* shall I hit? —
Egad we'll do without *him*.

XI.

And, that the *Beard* be more complete,
 Near *George* I'll glorious *Fred'rick* seat,
 Then grant me Heav'n this Favour:
 The noble Dictates of each Soul
 Diffuse in *Man* from *Pole* to *Pole*,
Man civilize for ever.



HONEST RANGER *just*
 arrived at BATH.

To the COMPANY, &c. &c.

"Parent of Nature! Master of the World!
 "Wher'er thy Providence directs, behold
 "My Steps with ready Resignation turn."

BOLINBROKE.

THE Moment *here* I fixt my Eyes,
 I saw *Bath* not more *nice* than *wife*.
 I know not where to lay the Blame,
 But sure it is a *stinking Shame*,

To

To see along the grand Parade
 How human *Excrements* are laid.
 You *Bucks*, ye *Beaus*, ye blooming Fair,
 If you have *Joy* in walking here,
 I make no Doubt, upon my Soul,
 But soon you'll meet in *Hockley-Hole*.
 Yet let us hope, by *Wind* or *Rain*,
 Or by the Ladies *sweeping Train*,
 'Twill by Degrees be clean'd again.

Bath, Sat. Morning. HONEST RANGER.



I.

'T WAS ever my peculiar Pride
 To have *pure Nature* for my Guide,
Her Gifts I count a Treasure;
 In pleasing Smiles the other Day
 To *Bath* she pointed out the Way,
 Then guess at *Ranger's Pleasure*.

II.

By Jove it must have made you laugh,
 To ev'ry Thing I answer'd *Bath*,
 And *all* for *Bath* neglected;
 Anxious my Thoughts, and swifter far,
 Than *Lightning's Rays*, or *Shooting Star*;
 In short, I was distracted.

III.

Well, now I'm *here*, this is the case,
 Pleasures at *Bath* (or any Place)
 Fall short of Expectation;
 I can't, unmov'd, see this Expence;
 Through *Follies* and *Intemperance*,
 Zounds! 'twill undo the Nation.

IV.

Was all this *Rout*, this vast *Parade*,
 Supported thro' some noble Trade,
 'Twou'd speak a glorious Spirit;
 But *Prudence* sure this Place shou'd *shun*,
 Where *Triflers*, winding down the *Sun*,
 Of *Folly* make a *Merit*.

V.

V.

The *Waters*, I, indeed, admire,
 Heated by *Nature's* secret Fire,
 A sacred Blessing given ;
 While pitying some who shall it use,
 I'll mark the *Wretch* who dares abuse
 This wond'rous *Work* of *Heav'n*.

VI.

Me first yon beauteous *Nymph* alarms,
 With Heart-felt *Pity* view *her* Charms,
 Alike those pretty *Babies* ;
 Such hapless *Females* in Distress,
 If right apply'd, sure are no less
 Than *Glasses* for the *Ladies*.

VII.

Where *aged Dames* and gay *Nineteen*
 Shou'd see how vain *their* Lives have been,
 Whilst perfect *Health* their *Blessing* ;
 Then *blush*, for *shame*, ye Fair, and say,
 " No more we'll spend our *Nights* in *Play*,
 " No more our *Days* in *Dressing*."

VIII.

Now view yon * Knight, amphibious grown,
His frozen Mass he strives to warm
By Bathing, Brushing, Drinking;
Sneer'd at by all, e'en to his Face,
O! Knight! was your's but Ranger's Cast,
I'd end my Life by Sinking.

IX.

Vain, silly Man! retire from hence,
Nor covet Life, which Common Sense
Must count a State infernal;
Thro' Virtue's Paths, go, Comforts find,
So loose your Cares, and fix your Mind
On Life and Joys eternal.

Pump-Room, Bath.

* Sir Tho. I—r—n, who had so little Warmth in Nature, that when he had got into the Bath he found such Pleasure in it, that the Guides had much Trouble to get him out again.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

I.

FREE as my Life may be from Care,
 I feel sometimes for you, ye *Fair*,
 Through *Int'rest*, *Love*, and *Duty*:
Duty's observing how ye live,
 My *Int'rest* is the *Joy* you give,
 And much I love your *Beauty*.

II.

Yet, fearing you shou'd me mistake,
 Know, I a vast Distinction make,
 In those whom I admire;
 Fine *Shapes*, and *Face*, most Men approve,
 But those who merit *Ranger's Love*,
 Must otherways inspire.

III.

Must more in *Sense* than *Person* shine,
 Tender their *Hearts*, with *Souls* sublime,
 To *Scandal* quite a *Stranger*,
 The *Muses Friends*, in *Science* read,
 Hate *Cards*, and in *Industry* bred,
 Such are the *Wives* for *Ranger*.

84. RANGER'S PROGRESS.

IV.

There Men of Sense true Joys will find,
With these, when Man's in Wedlock join'd,
Them nought but *Death* will sever;
So nobly blest, *Abroad*, at *Home*,
Almost forget the *Heav'n* to come,
Wishing *this Life* for ever,

V.

But in this Age, of all the Fair,
Like what I've drawn how few there are,
(Nay, Ladies, do not flout me;
For in my Choice true *Bliss* I find,
And, 'till you act as *Heav'n* design'd,
Man's happier far without ye.)

VI.

* *Here* from my *Scheme* how wide you act!
Grey Palsy Heads, with *Baubles* deckt,
Are *Lisping* — feebly walking;
Whilst *boy'd'ning Girls*, with awkward *Air*,
In wild *Affurance* Men out-stare,
And, *Giants-like*, are *stalking*.

* *Pump-Room, Bath.*

VII.

VII.

Your *Minds* alike on *Gaming* set,
In giddy *Crowds* each *Night* you get,
Your *darling Cards* pursuing;
There ev'ry *Virtue* takes its *Flight*,
Rival'd by *Envy*, *Avarice*, *Spite*,
In short, there's *Woman's* *Ruin*.

VIII.

Think ye while thus you spend your *Time*,
In *Hymen's* sacred *Bands* to join,
Ranger will ever court ye;
No; — for by *Heav'n*, did *Gold* abound,
In all these *Hills* that *Bath* surround,
It wou'd not long support ye.

IX.

Ye *Sons* of *Riot*, *Dupes* to *Chance*,
Ye fribbling *Pops*, meer *Apes* of *France*,
To social *Joys* a *Stranger*,
Here you indeed may fix for *Life*,
But ev'ry *Man* of *Sense* his *Wife*
Will chuse like — * HONEST RANGER.

* *Vide* Stanza III.

I.



I.

AS, by the *Will* of bounteous *Heav'n*,
To human Nature there is giv'n
Free Liberty of thinking,
My Mind, whilst * *here* I chance to stroll,
Shall trace each Folly-guided Soul,
That *bat'ing* is, or *drinking*.

II.

But first yon *comely* † *Squire* I find
Has something lab'ring in his Mind
Like coming *here* repenting,
Yet happy still (like *Aesop's Knight*)
Laughs at himself with great Delight,
And much at † *those* who sent him.

III.

And *Sir* I'll tell you as a Friend,
Doctors, (who oftner *marr* than *mend*,)
Will *learnedly* amuse ye,
'Till they have full Possession got,
Then, as *Boys* do their *Shuttle Cock*,
They'll *tefs* you 'till they *lose* ye.

* *Pump-Room, Bath.*

† *The Doctors.*

‡ *The Worthy, and now much lamented Master E—d.*

March 1760.

IV.

That *you* the *subtle* Race may *shun*,
And from this begg'ring Place return,
My frank Advice is given;
Ne'er grieve, tho' *Time* this *Frame* destroys,
For *Souls* like *yours* Death leads to *Jays*,
If *Virtue* merits *Heaven*.

V.

Now view the wretched common case
Of *Riot's* Sons, the titled *Race*,
Whose *Dollars*, too, deceive 'em;
For call *Monro*, he soon will find
Their great *Defects* are in the *Mind*,
And *Bath* will ne'er relieve 'em.

VI.

Of *wou'd-be* Gents! what Numbers here!
To *Ruin* driving *full Career*,
Aping their foolish *Betters*;
So *Pride* and *Luxury* prevails,
And worthy *Tradesmen* die in *Jails*,
With *Knaves* like these their *Debtors*.

VII.

VII.

To cure this *Group* no Hopes remain,
 For *Follies* here triumphant reign,
 And daily are increasing:
 Yet when I meet my Bosom Friends,
 We in these *Fools* shall find our Ends,
 In laughing without ceasing.

VIII.

* Him see, who doth *Bath's* Empire boast,
 Who, like a *Nabob*, rules the *Roast*,
 In *Age*, blyth, pleasant, jolly;
 And trace the Secrets of his Mind,
 Pleas'd to his Soul *him* you will find,
 Laughing at human *Folly*.

IX.

As *Sodom's* righteous were but few,
 Such I may, *Bath*, pronounce of you
 Like *Sodom*, too, your *Danger*;
 For raging Vice Destruction brings,
 Which to avoid, to leave these *Springs*
 Resolv'd is *Honest Ranger*.

* The deserving Mr. Nash.

X.

X.

And to my faithful virtuous *Fair*,
 For *Joys* unfully'd I'll repair,
 With *Bliss* and endless Treasure;
 The *heav'nly Pow'rs* our Lives will crown,
 Whilst *Angels* on us looking down
 Will long to taste our *Pleasure*.



" *These Caps let whosoever wear,*
 " *If they but fit, 'tis all I care.*"

BLUNT.

I.

SHORT as this Life may seem to be,
 Cou'd Mortals once be made to see
 Each past vain silly Action,
 Viewing the Paths they trod all wrong,
 Shock'd, wou'd pronounce *Life has been long*,
 And *die* with the Reflection.

II.

30 RANGER'S PROGRESS.

II.

And yet to mend this *wicked Age*,
Our *Priests*, or *Mimicks* on the Stage,
In vain I think may labour;
For pleas'd our *Crimes* we see and bear,
And, when the Strokes are most severe,
Each lays them on his Neighbour.

III.

Was it but now like Times of old,
That with our *Faults* our *Names* were told,
It might reclaim the Sinner:
Churches wou'd soon be more in Fame,
And Thousands shock'd to hear their Name,
Wou'd keep the *Play-house* thinner.

IV.

For Millions then no Joys cou'd spring,
Except to hear * *Mingotti* sing,
Our Fools of ev'ry Station
With *Gibb'risb* she might still amuse,
And them with *saucy* *Airs* abuse,
As long she has the Nation.

* *An Opera Singer:*

V.

V.

But why shou'd this be *Ranger's* Care?
 My Thoughts are free, and I'm so far
 From Persons a Respector,
 That e'en of Kings I'll speak my Mind,
 And where a guilty Fair I find,
 No Title shall protect her.

VI.

But who cou'd think, beneath the Sun
 Of *Woman-kind* there cou'd be one,
 Like those whom I present ye :
 At *Sixty* some so idly gay,
 In *Gawse* and *Pompoons* show away,
 Just like the *Girls of Twenty*.

VII.

Some always dressing, never drest,
 (*And but meer Bundles at the best*)
 Others so prone to Riot,
 Their *Husbands*, *Servants*, *Friend*, or *Foe*,
 With them nor *Night* nor *Day* can know
 A single *Moment's* quiet.

VIII.

VIII.

Thousands unread, cross, lazy, proud,
 Of Cards so fond in some mean Crowd,
 Will every Night be creeping;
 Of which at Home all feel the Cost,
 So mad they are when they have lost,
 They scold while they are sleeping.

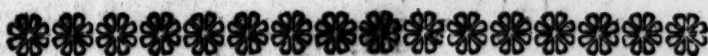
IX.

To prove to Man these live a Curse,
 Ten Thousand Facts some wou'd rehearse,
 But I shall act more tender;
 And only say, had I a Wife,
 Presum'd to lead so base a Life,
 I'll answer for't I'd mend her.

X.

Husbands shou'd Wives like Children treat,
 Be kind, and wise Examples set,
 Then you no Doubt will find 'em
 Indulgent Mothers, social Friends,
 And, answering all the glorious Ends
 For which the Gods design'd 'em.

" Oh



“ Oh Woman! lovely Woman! Nature made you
 “ To temper Man: We had been Brutes without you.
 “ There is in you all that we believe of Heav’n,
 “ Amazing Brightness, Purity, and Truth,
 “ Eternal Joy and everlasting Love.”

OTWAY. VEN. PRES.

I.

THO’ various Dresses Ladies wear,
 Those who by Nature Beauties are,
 Drest, or undrest, are pleasing;
 Such is *Clarinda*, and, like May,
 In Sweets increases ev’ry Day,
 To ev’ry Soul amazing.

II.

In vain may all the Sons of Men
 In *Prose* or *Verse* engage their *Pen*,
 Her Mind’s due Praise to give her;
 To draw her, *Limmers*, too, beware,
 No Mortals long can gaze on her,
 But must be lost forever.

D

III.

III.

What heightens more her Excellence,
 She treats with vast Indifference
 Her Personal Perfections;
 Holds them as trifling, fleeting Joys,
 Virtue alone her Mind employs,
 And graces all her Actions.

IV.

To other *Nymphs*, less *wise* and *fair*,
 Who *Dress* and *Gaming* make their Care,
 Clarinda's barely civil;
 She shews to them her Sex were born
 For nobler Ends, their Practice scorns,
 And shuns, as *Death*, the Evil.

V.

Of this so much abandon'd Race,
 She views with silent Grief the Case,
 And breathes for them Compassion;
Precepts, she knows, light Minds despise,
 Or *them* with Reason she'd advise,
 To live with more Discretion.

VI.

VI.

To make her more than *Mortal* shine,
 All Pow'rs to charm I see combine,
 O! were such Blessings giv'n
 To ev'ry female Soul on Earth,
 And *Men* but truly knew their Worth,
 This *Life* wou'd be a *Heav'n*.

VII.

Ye modern *Fops*, unmanly *Crow*,
 Whilst ye your trifling Schemes pursue,
 Let me for once advise ye,
 Of her all Thoughts to lay aside,
 For from her Soul she scorns your Tribe,
 And ever will despise ye.

VIII.

Ye Swains of Honour! Sons of Love!
 Such as *Clarinda* might approve,
 Still be to her a Stranger;
 Or all in vain you'll waste your Time,
 For know, *Clarinda*, so divine,
 Lives for her — HONEST RANGER.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

ADVICE TO HONEST RANGER.

I.

UNHEEDED long, my honest Friend,
You've scribbled on, all to no End,
The Fair ones Faults disclosing;
The free, the coy, the young, and old,
The sullen, mute, and noisy scold,
In vain you've been exposing.

II.

But pray, one Question let me ask,
How cou'd you undertake a Task,
Than Sisyphus's greater?
To mend the Fair, do what you will,
Believe me, Sir, is past the Skill
Of all your witty Satire.

III.

III.

Some have with kind Advice essay'd,
 And some call'd Wit unto their Aid,
 Witness th' ironic Dean:
 But still it nonplus'd all their Arts,
 Who tries to bend their stubborn Hearts,
 Is lab'ring but in vain.

IV.

Perhaps you think, like Reynard, I
 But rail at what I can't enjoy;
 Excuse me, Sir, you're wrong;
 Thro' ev'ry Class the Fair I've try'd,
 But found them still mere Slaves to Pride,
 A giddy senseless Throng.

V.

Not but I'll own there are a few,
 (For Merit still shou'd have its due)
 Whose Minds no Vices sully;
 But these are such Examples rare,
 That all their noble Virtues are
 Eclips'd by others Folly.

VI.

Then RANGER take a Friend's Advice,
 Ne'er meddle with a Point so nice,
 'Tis as a Friend I beg it:
 Like me enjoy a tranquill Bliss,
 Which is, and ever was, the Wish,
 Of your sincere — JACK MEGGOTT.

George's, Temple-Bar;



RANGER'S REPLY to
 JACK MEGGOTT.

I.

FRIEND Jack, I greatly was surpriz'd,
 To find myself by you advis'd;
 I read your odd *Epistle*;
 Nay, read it o'er and o'er, — and then,
 I laughing, laid it down agen,
 And thought, you might go *Whistle*.

II.

II.

Not that I wou'd Advice reject,
But that you shou'd my *Pen* direct,
Seems void of all Discretion:
Because you cannot mend the *Fair*,
Must I, too, like *yourself* despair,
To work their Reformation?

III.

Poor Soul! because you cannot rule,
You bid *me* cease to ridicule,
Each *Female* vicious *Passion*;
Just like the *Fox* that lost his Tail,
Who faign wou'd on the rest prevail,
That *that* was all the Fashion.

IV.

No, *Jack*; e'er *you* my Schemes confine,
Go bid the *Planets* cease to shine;
Alike, with equal Reason,
Compel the *Winds* which way to blow,
Or bid the *Ocean* cease to flow,
Or countermand each Season.

V.

For know, I still shall take Delight,
Some to adore, 'gainst others write,
 Nor deem myself malicious;
 For *Reason* tells me it is wrong
 To let the *Virtuous* die unsung,
 Or live unlash'd the *Vicious*,

VI.

Thus I take Leave of you, my Friend,
 And tho', to gain my wish'd-for End,
 There doubtless may be Danger,
 I'll try to turn the misled Soul,
 Whilst good Examples crown the whole.
 I'm your's, — HONEST RANGER,

Bedford Row.



A REPLY to HONEST RANGER.

I.

WHAT, *Ranger*! have I piqu'd your Pride,
 In off'ring you to be your Guide;
 Sure you mistook my Meaning:
 Where Friendship authoriz'd Advice,
 I laid aside all Form; such nice
 And squeamish Rules disdaining.

II.

I own that to reform the Sex
 I've long despair'd, nor shall perplex
 My Brains again about it;
 Yet so praise-worthy is the Deed,
 I can't but wish you may succeed,
 Tho' Faith, I greatly doubt it.

III.

III.

But if you shou'd (which Heav'n send)
 What Laurels then will grace my Friend,
 When you've surpass'd each Danger?
 And Fame, when after Ages ask,
 Who was't perform'd the glorious Task?
 Shall answer — HONEST RANGER.

IV.

And yet, when I consider, too,
 The Censure that you'll undergo,
 If e'er your Schemes deceive you,
 I can't but think e'er long you'll say,
 Th' Advice was good, which t'other Day,
 Your Friend JACK MEGGOTT gave you.

V.

'Twas this induc'd me first to send
 An early Caution, as a Friend;
 And tho' it touch'd your Spirit,
 Whene'er you're Wrong, nor be surpriz'd,
 You'll find yourself by me advis'd,
 Still proud to own your Merit.

VI.

VI.

And, RANGER, I shall take it kind,
If you'll advise, whene'er you find
(Which oft you will) Occasion,
Your Counsel then shall be my Guide,
Nor shall a vain and selfish Pride,
Prevent my Reformation.

George's, Temple-Bar.

JACK MEGGOTT.



TO JACK MEGGOTT.

*Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the Ways of God to Man. POPE.*

I.

DEAR Sir, with wondrous Pleasure I
Receiv'd your smart (but kind) Reply,
Attentively perus'd it;
Finding you thought me something warm,
I here declare I meant no Harm,
And hope you have excus'd it.

II.

II.

None I wou'd wantonly offend,
 Much less a voluntary Friend;
 But, Sir, I do assure ye,
 In chusing either *Friends* or *Books*,
 We shou'd not take 'em by their Looks,
 But judge of them maturely.

III.

Now, Sir, as near as I can guess,
 You those good Qualities possess
 Which I in Man admire;
 Your Friendship gladly I accept,
 Proud on true friendly Terms to act,
 As long as you desire.

IV.

Advice, when needful, take or give,
 But pity those who, we conceive,
 Unhappy are by Nature;
 At such as chuse to play the Fool,
 And Objects are for Ridicule,
 Let us direct our Satire.

V.

V.

But be it our peculiar Care
 To *love* and *guard* the virtuous Fair,
 Never, no ne'er forsake 'em;
 But those who are above a Friend,
 Too vile, too proud for Man to mend,
 Why let the D——l take 'em.

VI.

Farewell, and when again you write,
 To answer I shall take Delight;
 To be the less a Stranger,
 When you, my Friend, yourself shall find
 To crack a Bottle are inclin'd,
 Why call on — HONEST RANGER.

October 21.

To



TO HONEST RANGER.

I.

I Could not for the World conceive,
What Reason, *Ranger*, you cou'd have
To carp at my Epistle;
Why, how the Dev'l's this, said I;
How cool he's grown, how very shy,
“ Dear *Jack*, you may go whistle.”

II.

But since you own, without Deceit,
It might be owing t' over-heat,
Here let us drop the Matter;
True Friends are scarce, and he's a Fool
Who turns his Friend to Ridicule;
'Tis Vice that calls for Satire.

III.

III.

A Friend of all Things most I prize ;
 A Friend who frankly will advise,
 And guide my erring Reason :
 Whose soft and sympathising Heart
 Will in my Sorrows take a Part,
 And share what's to me pleasing.

IV.

Long did I seek in vain to find
 A Man who tally'd with my Mind,
 To all Deceit a Stranger ;
 At length, — Oh ! how I bless the Day,
 Kind Fortune's thrown one in my Way,
 I've met with *Honest Ranger*.

V.

Then let us with united Force,
 Of Folly strive to stop the Course,
 See Virtue reinstated ;
 A mutual Friendship vow my Friend,
 And never let our Satire end,
 'Till Vice is extirpated.

VI.

VI.

But still the Bargain more to bind,
And prove my Words are not mere Wind,
All idle empty Rattle;
From Bus'ness I an Hour will steal,
And then, dear *Ranger*, surely call,
And seal it with a Bottle.

George's, Temple-Bar.

JACK MEGGOTT.



To Mr. MEGGOTT.

*Like as the Waves make tow'rd the pebbled Shore,
So do our Minutes hasten to their End.*

SHAKESPEAR.

I.

DEAR Sir, as this my long Neglect
Proceeded thro' no Disrespect,
Impute it not a Crime:
To answer you I wish'd the Pow'r,
But seeming envious fled each Hour,
And left me void of Time.

II.

II.

And thro' my Life, at ev'ry Date,
I have observ'd a kind of Hate
Between old Time and I;
At *Taw*, at *Ball*, or other Sport,
When I did his Indulgence court,
He swifter seem'd to fly.

III.

When oft I have, with great Delight,
Sat prattling all the precious Night
With her I thought divine;
Shock'd, I beheld unwelcome Day,
For still I had a deal to say,
But then I wanted Time.

IV.

When wanton Thoughts did me alarm,
And some kind Nymph her ev'ry Charm
Did to my Wish resign;
I Joys like those, as other Men,
Wish'd o'er, and o'er, and o'er again,
But faith I wanted Time.

E

V.

50 RANGER'S PROGRESS.

V.

But we, my Friend, whene'er we meet,
The Subject candidly will treat,
Of *Want*, or *Loss of Time*,
Which is to all of so much Weight,
That Fools alone, till 'tis too late,
To use it well decline.

VI.

And let such *Triflers* as pretend,
They find it hard their Time to spend,
The following Rule pursue,
Think well *this Hour* on *those* which past,
And use the *future* as their *last*,
They'll find enough to do.

VII.

Ye Sons of Sense, by decent Mirth
Wou'd ye be truly blest on Earth,
With *Honest Ranger* join,
To wing in Peace your Hours away,
So shall your Souls be ever gay,
And know no Wants but Time.

HONEST RANGER.

The



The agreeable MODERN VISIT.

"Virtue is Honour."

BLUNT.

I.

TRUE Friendship me so much delights,
That when a *certain* 'Squire invites,
To wait on him I almost fly,
And *Blunt* seems full as pleas'd as I.
With him to dine some *Friends* he prest,
Myself was one, and with the rest
Most truly *welcome*, truly *blest*.

}

II.

Goodness in *Women* (which some swear
In all their Sex is very rare,)
I found in full Perfection there;
And, witness *Heav'n*, the Joy that gives
Is far the greatest Man receives,
And to myself no kind of treat
Without such Blessings is complete.

}

30 RANGER'S PROGRESS.

V.

But we, my Friend, whene'er we meet,
The Subject candidly will treat,
Of *Want*, or *Loss of Time*,
Which is to all of so much Weight,
That Fools alone, till 'tis too late,
To use it well decline.

VI.

And let such *Triflers* as pretend,
They find it hard their Time to spend,
The following Rule pursue,
Think well *this Hour* on *those* which past,
And use the *future* as their *last*,
They'll find enough to do.

VII.

Ye Sons of Sense, by decent Mirth
Wou'd ye be truly blest on Earth,
With *Honest Ranger* join,
To wing in Peace your Hours away,
So shall your Souls be ever gay,
And know no Wants but Time.

HONEST RANGER.

The



The agreeable MODERN VISIT.

"*Virtue is Honour.*"

BLUNT.

I.

TRUE Friendship me so much delights,
That when a *certain 'Squire* invites,
To wait on him I almost fly,
And *Blunt* seems full as pleas'd as I.
With him to dine some *Friends* he prest,
Myself was one, and with the rest
Most truly *welcome*, truly *blest*.

}

II.

Goodness in *Women* (which some swear
In all their Sex is very rare,)
I found in full Perfection there;
And, witness *Heav'n*, the Joy that gives
Is far the greatest Man receives,
And to myself no kind of treat
Without such Blessings is complete.

}

34 RANGER'S PROGRESS

III.

With *Peace* and *Plenty* in their Faces,
Servants with *Honour* fill their Places,
And with their Master's *Will* unite
To give *inferior Life* delight.

IV.

To all, they good and *Plenty* give,
With *Liberty* to take, or leave;
Invite, but scorn by *Force* to act,
Which shews great *Conduct* and *Respect*:
Thus at my *Friend's* your Servants fare,
Which *Blunt*, with *Thousands*, will declare.

V.

The *Squire's* the *Toast* of *high* and *low*,
Lives much *esteem'd*, without a *Foe*,
Slave to no *Party*, nor to *Pelf*,
Loves all his *Neighbours* as *himself*;
Never so blest as when his *Friends*,
Void of all *Form*, his *Band* attends.

VI.

VI.

Where ev'ry Rank is sure to meet
 A true, substantial English treat;
 For what kind Heav'n bestows on him,
 He, like a God, deals forth agen:
 His Mirth, his Friendship, crown the whole,
 And prove such Banquets to the Soul;
 That Scandal's self sits silent there,
 Pleas'd with his Virtues and his chear.

VII.

Ye Heav'ns, and each celestial Pow'r,
 On him, and his, your Blessings show'r;
 And when, by Death, you change their State,
 Let Bliss eternal be their Fate.

Seighford, Staffordshire. II HONEST RANGER:



RANGER'S RAMBLE *in his Sleep.*

A D R E A M.

How many monstrous Forms in Sleep we see.

DRYDEN.

I.

WHILST Millions throw their Time away,
 And love to *sin*, and love to *pray*,
 Of diff'rent Faith am I;
Few are my Crimes, and short my Prayers,
 To Bed I go quite free from Cares,
 Resign'd to *live* or *die*.

II.

But while I *sleep* my Fancy *reves*,
 And *various Objects*, as she moves,
 To me in *Vision* brings;
 Sweet pleasing *Scenes* me oft' *delight*,
 Strange *Phantoms* in their Turn *affright*,
 And other such like Things.

III.

III.

Last Night I dreamt *strange Fields* I crost,
'Twas *dark*, 'twas *late*, and I was *lost*,
When *Fortune*, in the End,
Me to a *dirty Village* brought,
I call'd, was answer'd, and I thought
'Twas by a *Christian Friend*.

IV.

He heard my *Cafe*, then in I went,
And, with the usual Compliment,
A *Glass* to chear me took;
Bow'ing, with *Thanks*, I drank the *King*,
Thought all was right — but no such Thing,
For now I saw him look

V.

Like *you*, who may have been distress'd,
When *Nature* backward strongly prest,
And *out* you could not get;
Hard tho' your *Cafe*, and strange to tell,
Like *you* I saw him *heave* and *swell*,
Like *you* to *frown* and *sweat*.

VI.

Much tho' my *loyal Health* displeas'd,
 Some other *Cause* his *Brain* had seiz'd;
 I saw his *Colour* change;
 Starting he rose, and wildly star'd,
 As if some *Ghost* to him appear'd,
 Then mutter'd forth *Revenge*.

VII.

With *Pity* now I view'd the *Man*,
 For round the *Room* he nettled ran
 With *Madness* in his *Eyes*.
 So in a *sultry Day* I've seen
Clodpate's old *Horse* and dull *Ox-team*
 A gadding drove by *Flies*.

VIII.

Two *Ladies* long I had discern'd
 Of him *asham'd*, in *Silence* burn'd,
 Till now the *Wife*— " *My dear*,
 " *As Harm of him cannot be said*,
 " *With him why trouble you your Head?*—
 " *Besides, a Stranger's here.*"

IX.

IX.

Madam (says he) how dare you *prate*?
Or that *Whig Ranger* vindicate?

Pray let your *Tongue* lie still!
Of me what *Pictures* has he drawn!
He's drove me mad, and still drives on,
Curse on him and his *Quill*.

X.

Harkee (said I) *old testy Bard*,
Your *Tongue* and *Pen* more strictly guard,
And took him by the *Nose*.

Trembling he cry'd, who are you, *Stranger*?
Sirrah (said I) I'm *Honest Ranger*,
He howl'd, I wak'd and rose.

XI.

Thus safe in *Dreams* I *ridicule*,
And *laugh*, when *sleeping*, at a *Fool*,
No *Laws* can *Dreams* restrain:
As *Fancy* boundless still shall rove,
I'll (by the *Will* of *mighty Jove*)
Dream, *laugh*, and *write* again.

Seighford, Staffordshire,

HONEST RANGER:
RANGER



RANGER MORALIZING, 1760.

I.

AS in the Course of *Life* we find
Strange Schemes to *please* or *plague* the Mind;
To please myself, in humble Verse
My present Thoughts I shall rehearse.

II.

London I count the *World's* vast *Hive*,
The *human Species* they contrive
To act like *Bees*, and nobly thrive.
Dominions are the flow'ry Fields,
Which *Honey* to th' industrious yields,

III.

As Humour varies in the *Bees*,
Some work at *Home*, some cross the Seas;
Quite round the mighty *Globe* some stroll,
And bring rich *Sweets* from either *Pole*:

IV.

IV.

But I (tho' not at all a *Drone*)
Chuse from the *Hive* not far to roam,
And censure oft' my fellow *Bees*,
Who cross the rude destructive Seas,
In Search of Sweets in foreign Fields,
When our *own Island* better yields.

V.

For what our Nature really wants
Britain much more than doubly grants,
And ev'ry wise contented Mind
England a *Paradise* may find.

VI.

But *Fools*, for answer, will advance,
' What *Glory* 'tis to conquer *France*?
' What *Wealth* immense might *Britain* gain
' If she but wag'd a *War* with *Spain*?
' Some (*with some Reason*) urged as much
' To trim those dirty Dogs the *Dutch*.'
Each, to their favourite *Passion* slaves,
Like a poor *Wretch* of *Bedlam* raves.

VII.

VII.

For weigh the mighty Ills that wait
 On various Souls of ev'ry State;
 Think how the Virgins Hearts must bleed
 When of their Lovers Deaths they read,
 Of Widows, Orphans vast Distress,
 And dreadful Ruins numberless.

VIII.

In short, though War is now a Trade,
 And through the World a Science made;
 'Tis Madness all, the Cause is Man,
 With Reason this deny who can.

HONEST RANGER.



A MELANCHOLY VISIT.

I.

A Lady, truly good, and great,
 Me kindly ask'd on her to wait;
 To which my Soul was strongly bent,
 So Blunt I call'd, took Horse, and went;
 And over * Cannock's dreary Waste
 To the old Mansion happy past.

* A Place in Staffordshire.

II.

Where lighting thought, in tranquil Joy,
(As usual there) to spend the Day;
But so imperfect's earthly Bliss,
That mix'd with Cares each Pleasure is.

III.

Joys now were fled, and, in their Room,
Appear'd a melancholy Gloom;
Servants in Corners moping sat,
And look'd like Things *inanimate*.

IV.

With *Temper sweet*, and *modest Air*,
To me came down a blooming Fair;
Struggling with Grief the Silence broke;
I, list'ning, melted as she spoke.

V.

" Our vast Confusion, Sir, excuse,
" For soon a worthy Friend we lose;
" Each Hour, each Moment, lately past,
" Threaten'd my Lady as her last.

VI.

VI.

Through Pity, conscious of our Woe,
 " Death has, as yet, with-held his Blow ;
 " But Age, with Symptoms, we conceive,
 " Give us no Hopes that she can live !

VII.

Here Tears ran trickling down her Cheek,
 Nor had she Pow'r again to speak,
 But sigh'd as though her Heart wou'd break. }
 Shock'd to my Soul to see her grieve,
 I, sympathizing, took my Leave,
 In Sorrow long for her to dwell, }
 Who Virtue's Rules observ'd so well,
 That few her *equal*, none *excell*.

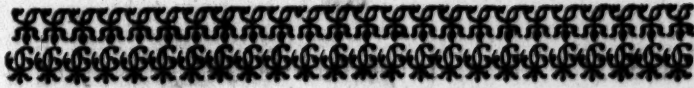
VIII.

Ye Pow'rs immortal, guard my Friend,
 Her your divine Assistance lend ;
 And when, by your unerring Will,
 Death the great Order must fulfil,
 Let to her Soul due Blifs be giv'n
 She'll need no more — She merits Heaven.

Staffordshire,

HONEST RANGER.

RANGER



RANGER at BUXTON-WELLS.

Let me reflect a little.

Dr. HEADLY.

I.

FROM Paradise when the first Pair
For Disobedience banish'd were,
How dreadful was the Change!
Such will a Man of Reason find
(Save but the Comforts of his Mind)
Who shall to *Buxton* range.

II.

Can any Soul of common Sense
By Choice make this its Residence?
A dreary, dirty Place!
He who declares his Life he fills
With Joy amongst these barren Hills,
Madness must be his Case.

III.

III.

With Senses clear, in perfect Health,
 Murder who would their Time and Wealth
 Where Heaven seldom smiles?
 A Scene of Hills, unblest, abound,
 Corn, Fruit, and Flowers, as rarely found
 As in *Arabia's* Wilds.

IV.

If Pains acute you hither bring,
 And help you find from *Buxton's* Spring,
 There's Reason on your Side;
 May Heaven's Blessings work your Cure,
 But govern well yourself be sure,
 Let Temp'rance be your Guide,

V.

For Pleasure sure there's none so weak,
 To search the *Devil's A—se of Peak*,
 (*A Place in DERBYSHIRE*)
 For while its Wonders some relate,
 I count another full as great,
 That any Soul comes here.

VI.

VI.

But wheresoever Follies court,
Mortals unthinking will resort,
For want of Reason still;
Shame on our Sex! — As for the Fair,
They all want (*something*) ev'ry where,
And something want they will.

VII.

And Heaven knows 'tis RANGER's Pride,
To see their Wishes gratify'd,
May they their Hopes obtain;
Of tranquil Souls be all possess'd,
Here and hereafter still be blest,
And RANGER's Friends remain.

VIII.

Their Sex, and Musick (*such as 'tis*)
While here I stay my Comfort is;
Hear me each heav'nly Pow'r!
Call, shou'd you, hence, the female Race,
I could no longer bear the Place,
No, not a single Hour.

IX.

And as (thank God) I nothing ail,
Folly shall not on me prevail
Amongst these Rocks to dwell;
More fertile Scenes I have in View;
Reason, lead on, I'll follow you,
So, *Buxton*, fare ye well.

HONEST RANGER.

Buxton-Wells, Derbyshire.



A Short SKETCH of a modern CA-
NONICAL MONSTER.

AS long ago as tuneful HOMER sung,
Horses we find were fluent of the Tongue;
An antient Afs, too, when its Master bang'd
him,
Pluck'd up its Courage and awhile harangu'd him;
And when MAHOMET went to visit GOD,
A Milk-white Steed, 'tis said, that Prophet rode;
Of Sense surprizing, and a curious Pride;
For thus it spake (or else the Prophet ly'd)
"None but MAHOMET on my Back shall
"ride."

For present Wonder see a Creature live,
 Of whom a short Description here I give;
It's Form is human, and for Man may pass,
In Heart a Devil, and in Sense an Ass,
A Toad in Venom, ÆSOP's Daw in Pride,
A foolish Poet, and a Knave beside;
That this he is, to us he often tells,
*In Numbers tuneful——as his * Parish Bells;*
Which Bells, when rung, must sure the Dead provoke,
Three is the Peal, and one of them is broke.
 But that this Monster may be less a Stranger,
 (*The Brute's so tam'd in him there is no Danger*) }
 He shall be shown at † large by *Honest Ranger*.

* *The Dirty Village, Staffordshire.*

† See a certain Letter in Print, and many others in Manuscript, ready for the Inspection of all true Friends to the present Government.



RANGER *on his* ARRIVAL in
LONDON.

I.

THOU' Thousands strive their Time to kill,
Thro' Life I find no Interval
But fully I employ ;
The *Country* charms with rural Sports,
Me *London* now as strongly courts,
And yields me equal Joy.

II.

And who can wonder ? When it's here
That dwells my Soul's delight, my fair,
Ingenuous, modest, clean ;
Whose yearly Conduct proves that she,
Is in her Soul a very *Bee*,
To me of *Bees* the *Queen*,

III.

III.

Thousands like *her* there are, no Doubt,
 Did *Men* with Prudence find them out,
 And *those* with Honour merit;
 But 'tis a nice Affair to chuse,
 Few know the Art, and fewer use
 A truly noble Spirit.

IV.

How far from blest should *Ranger* be,
 Deny'd the sweet Felicity
 Which now with Truth I boast;
 And those who don't the charming Fair
 Before all other Joys prefer,
 Must be to Reason lost.

V.

Their Sex first won my Infant Love,
 Which Reason bids me still improve,
 So shall, till Death, increase;
 For when I know no female Friend,
 I beg the Gods my Life will end,
 And waft my Soul to Peace.

VI.

On Terms like these whoever dwell,
 Their Bliss will heighten, Cares dispel,
 And Life be well enjoy'd;
 Our Souls kept active, and we find
 The Wretches most distress'd in Mind,
 Are never half employ'd.

VII.

Ye Sons of Folly, Tools for Sport,
 Whilst manly Virtues hourly court,
 Each trifling Act decline;
 So Months and Years to you shall seem
 A Summer's Day, and that serene,
 And blest your Lives like mine.

London,

HONEST RANGER.

The



The MORNING VISIT.

' *What is't a Woman cannot do ?*

OTWAY.

' *For 'tis in vain to think to guess*

' *At Women by Appearances.*

HUDIBRAS.

I.

MY highest *Jays*, my greatest *Care*,
 Spring through my Friendship for the *Fair*,
 Their *Sex* I love and honour;
 And in my Walks the other Day,
 I made *Clarinda's* in my Way,
 Resolv'd to call upon her;

II.

With her a little while to sit,
 To drink a Dish of *Chocolate*,
 Or learn a little *News*;
 Or of the last *Ridotta* hear,
 Who shone the greatest *Beauty* there,
 And who that *Fair* pursues.

F 4

III.

172. RANGER'S PROGRESS.

III.

But at *Clarinda's* House I found
The *Knocker* ty'd, *Straw* on the Ground,
 Tokens of mighty Danger;
Shook'd at the Sight, in trembling Pause,
Methought to ask the dreadful Cause
 Could be no Harm in RANGER,

IV.

Some gentle *Tape* brought forth the Maid,
Whose Looks pronounc'd *Clarinda* dead;
 O! I shall ne'er forget her!
She saw me looking wild about,
So to my Comfort drawl'd it out,
 My *Lady's*—*something*—*better.*

V.

Better! (said I) has she been ill?
 ' Yes, dang'rous Sir, and so is still,
 ' At least to see no Stranger; '
Sweetheart (said I) I'll bear the Blame,
If you'll just carry up my Name;
 Tell her 'tis HONEST RANGER.

VI.

VI.

She went, return'd, and with an Air,
That spoke her Heart quite free from Care;
I wonder'd at the Change;
Said she, ' *My Lady, Sir, desires,*
' *That you'll be pleas'd to walk up Stairs;*'
I thought it vastly strange.

VII.

As I approach'd *Clarinda's Room,*
Instead of *Sickness, Grief, and Gloom,*
I found her *blithe as May;*
Drest *clean and decent as a Bride,*
And (*pleasing Sight!*) close at her Side
Well chosen *Authors* lay.

VIII.

Between my *Fear* and vast *Surprize,*
I scarce at first believ'd my Eyes,
Said she, ' *Good-morrow RANGER!*'—
Madam, said I, it gives me Joy,
To see you in so fine a Way,
I thought you were in *Danger.*

IX.

IX.

She smiling, answer'd, ' Sir, my Scheme,
' Wild as it may to many seem,
' By me is well intended;
' By seeming ill, I Ills avoid,
' Such as my Health had much destroy'd,
And Life would soon have ended;

X.

' Routs, Drums, Ridottas, Auctions, Plays,
' By Turns take up our Nights and Days,
' E'en Sundays not excepted;
' O RANGER! should you take a Wife
' From those who lead that Sort of Life,
' She'll drive you quite distracted.

XI.

Just as I went to make reply,
A Friend came in and put me by,
At which my Visit ended;
But as Clarinda's Scheme is new,
And form'd t'encourage Virtue too,
No Doubt 'twill be commended.

Bedford-Row,

HONEST RANGER.

On



On the GENERAL FAST.

O God! go out with our Hosts: Through thee we
will do great Acts. Part of Ps. lx.

I.

THAT Heav'n Britain long may bless,
And to our Forces grant Success
'Gainst France by Sea and Land,
I, though by Nature rather gay,
(And not much us'd to *fast* or *pray*)
Obey'd the King's Command.

II.

Religion! Liberty! and Laws!
I held with us no trifling Cause,
And judg'd it truly fair,
That *we*, who don't in *War* delight,
Should pay those well who for us fight,
And send to Heav'n our *Pray'r*.

III.

III.

And sure there's none so void of Sense,
As not to trust to *Providence!*

At least this Faith is mine,
That we for each should do our best,
'Tis *Nature's Law*, and for the rest
Trust to the *Pow'r Divine!*

IV.

With such like Thoughts, to *Church* I went,
Most highly pleas'd with the Intent,
And crouded *Congregation*.

Wou'd all (thought I) who meet To-day,
Act always *right* as well as pray,
Nothing would hurt this Nation.

V.

But some at Church draw up their Face,
Like *Presbyterians* saying *Grace*,
Or, as if much in Pain;
Under which *Looks* too oft we find
Their *Souls* to such *dark Deeds* inclin'd,
As no good *Ends* can gain.

VI.

VI.

By *Heav'n* each A& in Life is seen,
Vile Forms disgust the Pow'rs supreme,
Good Works must merit *Heav'n*;
'Tis not for *Man* to sport with *Fate*;
And, *Britons*, think to you of late
What wond'rous Blessings given!

VII.

Blessings! which shew that *Heav'n's* our Friend;
For Proof, the *Wars* abroad attend,
Increasing ev'ry Hour;
Then view this happy Isle again,
See it peculiar blest remain,
And thank th' *Almighty Pow'r*.

VIII.

Next *Lisbon's* Fate with Horror see,
Late by a dire Calamity
Almost to *Atoms* shaken;
Now mark their matchless cruel Scene,
Of which none could have guilty been,
But *those* whom *Heav'n's* forsaken.

IX.

IX.

In short, go, ev'ry Kingdom view,
 You'll find no *People* blest like you,
 Nor *you*, as *now*, were *never*;
 Then be it hence our pleasing Task
 To *praise* our God for *Blessings* past,
 And crave his *Aid* for *ever*.

Bedford-Row,

HONEST RANGER.



TO HONEST RANGER.

I.

THE other Day I chanc'd to see,
 A little Piece of Poetry,
 The Progress 'twas of *Ranger*;
 Him as a Friend I now address,
 Tho' 'tis a Freedom I confess,
 To use unto a Stranger.

II.

II.

You tell us how you rove about,
To find a fair Companion out,
And how our Sex you love;
But if you join in *Hymen's* Bands,
Hearts should unite as well as Hands,
True Happiness to prove.

III.

'Wedlock's a Trap, there is no Doubt on't,
'Those that are in, wou'd fain be out on't.'
So *Hudibras* doth sing;
The Knot once ty'd, you soon wou'd rue it,
But where's the Man that can undo it,
Since *Macedonia's* King. *

IV.

Now if you promise on your Part,
To fix on one alone your Heart,
And leave your rambling Life;
If you'll be faithful, good, and true,
And strictly Honour's Paths pursue,
I'll help you to a Wife.

* *He cut the Gordian Knot.*

V.

80 RANGER'S PROGRESS.

V.

There is a gen'rous little Friend
Of mine,—that I can recommend,
But then the Girl's no Beauty;
She wants not Sense,—can read, and write,
To please is her supreme Delight,
And will perform her Duty.

VI.

She's no *Miss Prue*, nor *Donna* grave,
To Cards and Fashions not a Slave,
But blithe as any Linnet;
Yet no Coquet—tho' brisk and gay,
Can like a Lambkin sport and play,
And thinks no Harm there's in it.

VII.

A Man of Sense, good Humour, Merit,
A chearful, frank, and gen'rous Spirit,
With Pleasure she'll obey;
A Bacchanalian doth detest,
Who makes Sobriety a Jest,
And drinks his Wits away.

VIII.

VIII.

The Jemmy's, Jeffamy's, and Smarts,
Who dress to win the Ladies Hearts,
Bucks and Choice Spirits too,
Such pretty Creatures at a Ball
May serve for Partners,—but that's all,
For Life they'll never do.

IX.

To sum up all,—and make an End,
Be an agreeable kind Friend,
Her Monitor and Guide;
She'll give her Heart and Hand to you,
Her Fortune's at your Service too,
And she will be your Bride.

A FAIRY.

From Queen Mab's Court, June the 24th,
The Fairy's Grand Holiday.

XII.

G

HONEST



HONEST RANGER'S REPLY to the FAIRY.

I.

DEAR little Stranger, friendly Sprite!
 Surpriz'd, and yet with new Delight,
 I read your late Address;
 To me 'tis more than common Joy,
 To find you thus your Thoughts employ,
 For RANGER's Happiness.

II.

That Charmer too, your *little Friend*,
 Whom you so highly recommend,
 To be my Mate for Life;
 If all you say of her be true,
 What can a Mortal better do,
 Than take her for his Wife?

III.

III.

And me, my dearest Fairy, tell,
Where does this *modern Wonder* dwell,
Whose Virtue's so uncommon;
Declare her Name, her Birth, what Place,
Whether she is of Fairy Race,
Or really if a Woman.

IV.

Yet there's a Thousand *I's* and *And's*,
Ere her I'll join in *Hymen's* Bands;
First I will not, unseen,
Take to my Bed, on bare Report,
The tip-top Lady of your Court,
Not ev'n *Mab* the Queen.

V.

For next his Soul, 'tis Man's chief Care,
To weigh the Merits of the Fair,
Whom he intends his Bride;
Should I, who teach Mankind to chuse,
Wear for my Life a galling Noose,
'Twould doubly gall my Pride.

VI.

The love-mad Swain, indeed, may sing,
His Delia blooms perpetual Spring,
And Heav'n is in her Eye;
 Of Reason void, complain to *Jove,*
How hard his Lot so much to love,
And yet unpity'd die.

VII.

To cure this Fit, soon see him wed,
Dull as an Ass he droops his Head;
 And now with surly Pride,
 Leering at each, they curse their Fate,
 Both from their Souls each other hate,
 And rave to be unty'd. —

VIII.

But drown this Topic, dull as Earth;
 For sprightly Scenes and harmless Mirth
 Let me the Subject change;
 For Heav'n propitious on me smiles,
 A faithful Fair my Care beguiles,
 So I (with Honour) range,

IX.

IX.

And wish (*this Moment wish*) the Pow'r,
To find your sacred Court or Bow'r,
And gaily on the Green
The Ring in mystic dance to join,
To you awhile myself resign,
With Homage to your Queen.

X.

By *Cynthia's* Aid, on Fairy Ground,
In Mirth and Joy we'll frisk it round,
(If you'll admit a Stranger)
So fare you well, my dearest Elf,
(*With due Respect to Mab herself*)
I'm your's HONEST RANGER.

Bedford Row, 1760.



Every Man in his Humour.

BEN JOHNSON.

*Since the World with Writing is possest,
I'll versify in spite, and do my best
To make as much waste Paper as the rest.*

JUVENAL.

WHILST I to Virtue pay Respect,
And Vice in various Forms detect,
I can't conceive there's any Hurt,
Myself by scribbling to divert.

II.

Defects of Person or of Mind
(When nat'ral) my Compassion find;
And him I count a harden'd Fool,
Who real Misfortunes ridicule.

III.

III.

On those who are in Vice grown bold,
And are for *Birch* too great or old,
With Freedom still, unaw'd by Men,
I shall employ my Mind and Pen.

IV.

And some delight to play the Fool,
As I do those to ridicule:
Thus Folly serves a double End,
Tho' Foe to some, is my real Friend.

V.

O Folly! what shou'd *Ranger* do
If not assisted est by you?
I Life, thus laughing, could not spend,
If ~~else~~ you shou'd to be my Friend.

VI.

But soft, behold the Goddess sneer,
And answers, ' *Ranger*, do not fear,
' Vast are the Foibles of the Town,
' So in Proportion are thy own;

VII.

- ' In striving others to reclaim,
- ' You certain are to miss your Aim;
- ' For while you laugh at what they do,
- ' They trifle on and laugh at you.

VIII.

- ' Nay, e'en the Strokes of *Hogarth* view,
- ' Judge of his Mirth, while such he drew,
- ' Yet, tho' he laugh'd his Sides to split,
- ' You'll find the Fools that to him sit,
- ' Pleas'd as the Limner ev'ry bit.

IX.

- ' And ever since the World began,
- ' I govern'd have the Thing call'd Man;
- ' So great my Sway, till Time's no more,
- ' Man! (foolish Man!) shall own my Pow'r.

X.

In Pity, Goddess, cease thy Tongue,
 Tho' Millions round your Temple throng,
 Grant me, as usual, my Delight,
 Against your Votaries to write;

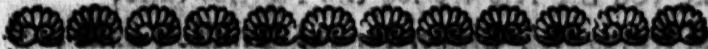
XI.

XL.

Nature and Truth to be my Guide,
You'll find through Life my Joy, my Pride,
And while your Empire you maintain,
I live, and *Knaves* and *Fools* remain,
I'll write and laugh, and write again.

Bedford Row,

HONEST RANGER.



To the Irreverend Mr. DOGGREL.

"Let the *Puppy* have it."

See GENERAL HAWLY'S WILL.

"In vain you fondly thought yourself to screen,

"Mast'd like a *Ruffian* or a *Thief* unseen,

"But view thyself, for to your Shame I can,

"Pronounce (with *Nathan, Sir,*) Thou art the
"Man."

GUESS AGAIN.

ASSIST me genius Offspring of the Sky,
Whilst on a certain Priest I verify,
Who leaves his Study of the sacred Page,
To vent on me in Magazines his rage,

And

And in rough Numbers and a wretched Stile,
 Shews his unfriendly Talent to revile,
 Then he through Baseness, for to hide his Shame,
 Beneath his Stuff subscrib'd another's * Name.

O Doggrel! Doggrel! Why to Peace a Stranger?
 Why trudge to Rome for Dirt to throw at Ranger?
 Why play the Thief when you her Authors read,
 To show how grossly you delight to feed?
 Like you the As we see the Nettles take,
 And leaves rich Clover for the Thistle's Sake;
 Like you the Toad creeps from it's murky Cell,
 Midst Flowers collecting Pofson rank as Hell,
 Then spits it's Venom on the tender Shoot,
 And in the Embryo kills the rising Fruit;
 'Tis known to what your Priestly Wisdom tends,
 Act the Toad on, you'll never gain your Ends;
 Still like the Bee that fears no baneful Juice,
 I'll cull salubrious Sweets for public Use.

Wouldst thou a Poet to the World be known,
 In tuneful Numbers let *some* Sense be shown,
 No more rough Scrawl and inharmonious Bray,
 This what you are will certainly betray.

* The Reverend Mr. B—te, a Man of great Learning, good Sense, and good Nature, who despises Doggrel as much as I do all Knaves and Fools.

Wouldst

Wouldst thou a great and able Critic sit,
Be yours the poignant Satyr, yours the Wit,
But O! thy brainless Head! 'tis too well known,
The Wit you stole, the Dross is all thy own,
Thus *Æsop's* Daw, ambitious to be fine,
Rob'd ev'ry Bird that he might basely shine,
On you what Sentence must the Learned pass?
You've prov'd yourself a thievish silly Ass.

We see an Attift when a Wall he builds,
With common Rubbish he the middle fills,
Yet he by Practice, and the Line and Rule,
Finishes well, and proves himself no Fool;
Not so thyself, for 'tis with Rubbish you
Begin, continue, ay and finish too,
Then cease your scribbling, Sir, for you I can
Prove (near) as bad a Poet as you are a Man.

Tho' I'm not great or eloquent as *Pitt*,
Tuneful as *Pope*, nor like a *Swift* in *Wit*,
I am content, some little have acquir'd,
And by your Betters have been oft' admir'd;
I reap by Nature what by Nature's sown,
And what I scribble need not blush to own,
To lash the Follies of the Age delight,
And shun those Evils which against I write.

Then

Then where's my Error? As myself I can
 Prove a good Subject and an *Honest Man*.
 Are you thus happy in the Voice of Fame?
 Unconscious you of what I here could name?
 O! that I dar'd of Individuals sing,
 And certain Truths to open Day-light bring,
 You (well it's known) I have the Pow'r to paint,
 In Colours strong, that represent, — No Saint;
 But 'tis no Credit what is seen to show,
 Nor yet to tell your Neighbours what they know,
 Besides my Satires are on Fools at large,
 I ne'er till now made one alone my Charge,
 And even now as I my Honour prize,
 Hate the mean Subject, and yourself despise.
 More nobler Themes me animate to sing,
 The charming Fair, my Country and my King,
 Yet, if Indignant you with Spleen shall burn,
 And dare of me to scribbling return,
 As I my Schemes shall futurely pursue,
 I'll hold ye up (*ye sneaking Cur*) to view,
 Teaching you better how to use a Stranger,
 I'll make ye dread the Name of *Honest Ranger*.

Staffordshire, near H——n. 1760.

A DIALOGUE *between* DEATH
and RANGER.

A Dream o'ertook me.

DRYDEN.

WHEN *Phaëbus* down the western Skies was
gone,
And *Cynthia* half her mighty Course had run,
I dreamt I labour'd up the steep Ascent
Of * *Castle Hill*, and in my Fancy meant
The antient noble Ruin to survey,
And view the Scenes that there in Prospect lay.
The Summit gain'd, I scarce recover'd Breath,
Before I saw the savage Tyrant Death;
He on the Ruin made his awful Stand,
And held his murd'ring Scepter in his Hand:
Aghast I view'd him, thought my Life was done,
When the great King of Terrors thus begun.

* *Castle Hill* near Stafford, Eastward from
Haughton.

DEATH.

D E A T H.

O RANGER! Why so pale! The Cause am I?
Why tremble thus? Are you afraid to die?

R A N G E R.

Mankind oft tremble without Cause of Fear,
But who unshaken stands when you appear?
Afraid to die we ev'ry Creature find,
And some Reluctance in the most resign'd.

D E A T H.

Without controul I seize on old and young—

R A N G E R.

And yet some lives I beg you to prolong.

D E A T H.

Let them be nam'd, and I'll some Moments stay,
To hear, in their Behalf, what you can say.

R A N G E R.

Then my first Object is my favourite Fair—

D E A T H.

What! her before yourself! that's very rare.

R A N G E R.

RANGER.

Know you her, pray!

DEATH.

I do, she's worth your Care.

RANGER.

Long let her live. Next for myself I plead;

DEATH.

That's natural enough; pray, Sir, proceed.

RANGER.

Then all around I have a many Friends—

DEATH.

Be brief, I beg, or my Attention ends.

RANGER.

Then o'er one Mortal have a watchful Eye,
Long let * *him* live, tho' half the World should die.

DEATH.

A wild Request, or else his Soul in Worth
Should equal half the virtuous Souls on Earth;
Great he is, sure, and in this present War
Makes *Britain's* Cause and *Britain's* King his Care.

* *The Irreverend Mr. Doggrel.*

RANGER

If Truths surprising you of him will hear,
Indulge me once to whisper in your Ear :
(*Whispering*) Now I nine Summers have his
Neighbour been,
But no good Act of his have heard or seen.

DEATH.

Speak softly, Sir, and I'll more closely lean,

RANGER (*whispering very softly.*

" }
" }
" }

DEATH.

Monstrous, indeed ! But I the Reason crave,
Why you a Wretch like this desire to save.

* " *These dang'rous † Truths in Manuscript remain.* J. I.

† *Through real Compassion for the Irreverend's Family, I shall bury these Truths in Oblivion : And (on his behaving himself well for the future) I shall forgive him.*

RANGER.

R A N G E R.

Know, mighty Death! a secret Joy I find
When I, by writing, lash a vicious Mind;
Now while he lives, and I in this delight,
I need but think of him, then laugh and write.

D E A T H.

How odd thy Humour, and his Life how base;
What would you do, suppose you in his Place?

R A N G E R.

Why, hang myself, or never shew my Face.

D E A T H.

Where dwells he, pray? let some Account be giv'n,
For sure I am he is unknown to Heav'n.

R A N G E R.

Let me attend you to his Chamber-door,
'Twill please me much to hear the Monster roar.

D E A T H.

How can you glory! when or soon or late
An ignominious Death must be his Fate.

H

R A N G E R.

RANGER.

O Heav'n forbid! and be yourself his Friend;
Spare the poor Creature, let him live and mend.

D E A T H.

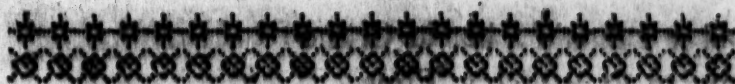
Think ye that I shall violate the Laws
Of Heav'n and Earth in such a Monster's Cause!
That he'll reform, I do at once deny,
He is in *Grain*, and what he is will die;
Besides, at Will had I the Pow'r to save,
Virtue alone should my Indulgence have,
Each vicious Soul shou'd by my pow'rful Blow,
Be hurl'd directly to the Realms below;
But I, directed by a heav'nly Pow'r,
Save at his Will, and at his Will devour;
Behold I go, and Millions fall this Hour.

Now far away the grisly Monarch fled,
I wak'd well pleas'd to find myself in Bed,
Thus while we sleep our busy Thoughts will stroll,
And Fancy paint strange Objects to the Soul.

Ye busy Triflers of the present Age,
While here you move on Life's uncertain Stage,
Let Virtue guide you, then secure you'll rest,
In Pleasure live, and die but to be blest.

Seighford, Staffordshire,

HONEST RANGER.



To all TRUE BRITONS.

Let's thank the gracious Gods for what they give.

DRYDEN.

I.

BEHOLD *proud France* by Britain driven
 To *Shame, Distress*, frown'd on by *Heav'n*;
 See *Heav'n* on Britain smile;
 Surely, our *King*, and *Councils wise*,
 Have *Powers immortal* for *Allies*
 To guard this *happy Isle*.

II.

For our *Success*, so *good*! so *great*!
 Behold the *Day* apart is set
 To thank the *Pow'rs divine*.
 When *George*! the best of *Men* and *Kings*,
 With *grateful Soul*, to *Heav'n* sings,
 Who can but with him join?

III.

Hold it I should a horrid Crime
 Silent to sit at such a Time,
 When ev'ry *British Soul*
 Should, by Consent, their Voices raise,
 And make their *Song*, while Heav'n they praise,
 Be heard from *Pole to Pole*.

IV.

United still in *Love* and *Force*, *
Britons, let *Virtue* steer our Course,
 Does then we cannot fear;
 That *Peace* may wisely crown our *Ends*,
 Trust to those *Pow'rs* who've been our *Friends*
 This *memorable Year*!

V.

Join let us now, *true loyal Souls*!
Heroes to toast in *flowing Bowls*,
 And thus in *Chorus* sing;
Defend our Isle, ye *Pow'rs* above,
 And add this *Blessing* mighty *Jove*!
 Long *Life* to *Britain's King*!

* Alluding to the great Harmony subsisting between
 our Forces during the Siege of Quebec.

Bedford-Row,

HONEST RANGER.



On my deceased MASTER.

'Tis not alone my Inky Cloak,
 Nor customary Suits of solemn Black,
 No, nor the fruitful River in the Eye,
 That can denote me truly. —
 But I have Grief within, which passes show,
 There lies the Substance.

SHAKESPEAR.

READERS, through Pity, your Attention
 lend,
 While in my *Master* I lament my *Friend*;
 Deep in my Heart I feel the rooted Woe,
 While Tears of *Duty* and *Affection* flow.
 O! such a *Loss*! my *Grief* must long succeed;
 And when the *Servant weeps*, 'tis *Grief* indeed!
 The many Years I in his Service spent,
 To him I gave, from him receiv'd Content.
 A Favour ask'd, in granting it he smil'd;
 When he commanded, 'twas with Justice mild;
 Scarce ever frown'd, or gave an angry Word,
 For Duty done, all had a full Reward,

102 RANGER'S PROGRESS

All, as they wish'd, most nobly he maintain'd,
 And *Tinsel Grandeur* from his Soul disdain'd.
 Greatly in *Law* and *Equity* he shone,
 Equal'd by *few*, and was excell'd by *none*.
 True to his *King*, his *Country*, and his *Friend*,
 Steady with *Justice Virtue* to defend,
 And with *uncommon Goodness* crown'd his End.
 Blest is his Soul eternally, I trust,
 For he was *virtuous*, and the *Gods* are *just*.

Bedford Row, March 1760. HONEST RANGER.



To the Right Honourable WILLIAM
 PITT, Esq;

I.

FROWN not, good Sir, when you behold
 These artless Numbers, which unfold
 To you my Heart sincere;
 Guided by Truth and Nature too,
 I write to *lash* or *praise* where *due*,
 And nothing earthly fear.

II.

II.

Conceive me, Sir, no Sycophant,
 No Boon I ask, no Pension want,
 Nor write to shew my Wit;
 But while your Worth, so known to Fame,
 Men sing, and Children lisp your Name,
 Why should I silent sit.

III.

Were you like some who rul'd this Land,
 Rather than take my Pen in Hand,
 In Praise of thee to write,
 To see some God deal forth a Blow,
 That hurl'd you to the Realms below,
 Would be my chief Delight.

IV.

But from the Good that you have done,
 Mortals behold you as the Sun,
 From you such Comfort flows:
 Beneath thy steady Patriot wing,
 And under GEORGE our glorious King,
Britons secure repose.

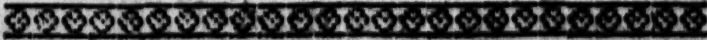
194 RANGER'S PROGRESS.

V.

O may the Pow'rs that gave thee Birth,
And form'd thy Soul of so much Worth,
For us thy Life prolong;
So PITT, true Friend to Liberty,
(By Millions join'd) my Toast shall be,
And Burden of my Song.

Bedford-Row, 1760.

HONEST RANGER.



'TIS TIME ENOUGH YET.

Sung by Mr. ATKINS, 1759.

I.

A Term full as long as the Siege of *Old Troy*,
To win a sweet Girl I my Time did employ;
Oft' urg'd her the Day for our Marriage to set,
As often she answer'd, — *'Tis Time enough yet.*
Time enough yet, Time enough yet,
As often she answer'd, *'Tis Time enough yet.*

II.

II.

I told her at last, that her Passions were wrong,
And more, that I scorn'd to be fool'd with so long:
She burst out a-laughing at seeing me fret,
And humming a Tune, cry'd '*Tis Time enough yet,*
Time enough yet, Time enough yet,
And humming a Tune, cry'd — '*Tis Time enough*
yet.

III.

Determin'd by her to be laugh'd at no more,
I flew from her Presence, and bounc'd out of Door;
Resolv'd of her Usage the better to get,
Or on her my Eyes again *never to set,*
Never to set, never to set, —
Or on her my Eyes again *never to set.*

IV.

To me the next Morning her Maid came in Haste,
And begg'd for God's Sake I'd forget what was past;
Declar'd her young Lady did nothing but fret:
I told her I'd think on't, — '*Twas Time enough yet;*
Time enough yet, Time enough yet,
I told her I'd think on't, — '*Twas Time enough yet.*

V.

V.

She next in a Letter as long as my Arm,
 Declar'd from her Soul, she intended no Harm;
 And begg'd I the Day for our Marriage wou'd set:
 I wrote her an Answer, *'Tis Time enough yet,*
Time enough yet, — Time enough yet,
 I wrote her an Answer — *'Tis Time enough yet.*

VI.

But that was scarce gone, when a Message I sent,
 To shew in my Heart I began to relent;
 I begg'd I might see her, together we met,
 We kiss'd, and were Friends again, *so we are yet,*
 So we are yet, so we are yet,
 We kiss'd, and were Friends again, *so we are yet.*

HONEST RANGER.



I WONDER AT YOU.

Sung by Mr. ATKINS, 1759.

I.

WHEN *Chloe* I met like an *Angel* she mov'd,
 The Moment I lik'd her and lov'd,
 I vow'd she was *handsom*, and faith it was true,
 Yet she snapt me off short with *I wonder at you*,
I wonder at you, — at you! — at you! —
 She snapt me off short with — *I wonder at you*.

II.

I earnestly begg'd she with Pity wou'd hear
 The Language of Love from a Heart quite sincere,
 Regardless she left me her Walks to pursue,
 And flourish'd her *Fan* with — *I wonder at you*,
I wonder at you — at you! — at you!
 And flourish'd her *Fan* with — *I wonder at you*.

III.

III.

Her *Humour* surpriz'd me, her *Language* I blam'd,
 To my *Soul* I was vex'd, yet with *Beauty* inflam'd,
 Between *Love* and *Anger* to Madness I grew,
 So Home I went sick of — *I wonder at you,*
I wonder at you — at you! — at you!
 So Home I went sick of — *I wonder at you,*

IV.

I wonder at you ran so much in my Mind,
 My *Soul* on the *Wrack* soon to Reason grew Blind,
 All Night in my Dreams I had *Chloe* in view,
 And thought my Ears rung with — *I wonder at you,*
I wonder at you — at you! — at you!
 And thought my Ears rung with — *I wonder at you.*

V.

I met her next Day when she lie of a Fall,
 I handed her up again, — but that was all,
 She thank'd me and smiling said, *How do you do?*
 I gave her a Frown with — *I wonder at you,*
I wonder at you! at you! at you!
 I gave her a Frown with — *I wonder at you.*

VI.

VI.

But *Chloe's* so charming that where she was wrong,
Impute it I shall to a slip of her Tongue,
Forgive her I must, for I like her 'tis true,
But I'll make her remember — *I wonder at you,*
I wonder at you! at you! at you!
But I'll make her remember — *I wonder at you.*

HONEST RANGER.



To all those Monsters who are led by an unwarranted Curiosity to open Letters not their own.

"Heaven first taught Letters."

POPE.

I.

WHEN * *Peeping Tom of Coventry*
Was led by Curiosity,

To view the *naked Dame,*

'Tis said the Fellow lost his Sight,

And ever since two Stories height,

Is fixt a Mark of Shame.

* See Rapin's *History of England*, Vol. I.

II.

TIG RANGER'S PROGRESS.

II.

Now you are *baser* far than he,
For *Tom* could only *Secrets* see,
Where Nature's Fancy strolls,
Then down with *him*, share you his Fate,
For who but must those *Wretches* hate,
Who *peep* into our *Souls*.

HONEST RANGER.



To a LADY with a Character of a
COOK MAID.

"*Let Facts prove themselves.*"

LONDON CHRONICLE, p. 214.

MADAM I'm griev'd that I was not at Home,
When for a Character of my Cook you come,
But hope that this will answer just the same,
As what is most material I shall name.

My

RANGER'S PROGRESS. 111

My former Cook by Name is * *Kath'rine Crime*,
 I cannot justly recollect the Time,
 That she has serv'd, but think a Year or so,
 And very honest is (*for what I know*);
 The Creature's poor indeed, but that I think
 Is no great *Crime* except it's caus'd by Drink,
 Which Ma'am (*to speak the Truth*) is *Katherine's*
 Case,

If one may judge it by her sodden'd Face,
 And Eyes deep sunk, o'er which her Hair de-
 scends,

By Grease attracted, so it inward bends,
 And looks like Brambles rooted at both Ends.
 Be this as 'twill, the Hint I thought but civil,
 As you might better guard against the Evil.

As to a Cook, some Things she well can do,
 Can Roast and Boil, make Soops, or a Ragoo,
 But then withal, she's *dev'lish nasty* too.

For Temper, Madam, I must own the Wench,
 'To me is humble, *vastly like the French*!
 Scold her an Hour, and it's all the same,
 She, cringing fawns, and silent bears the Blame,
 But all the while a vicious Heart conceals,
 Which she (*to whom she dares*) oftimes reveals,

* *This Character I wrote in the Year 1757, and is
 well known to be a true Picture.*

With

112 RANGER'S PROGRESS;

With Looks and Imprecations that excell,
The rudest Imps, Inhabitants of Hell.

I in her Favour can no more advance,
If she don't please you, banish her to *France*,
There she at large may wallow in her Stench,
Poison the Province (*for I hate the French*)
Give me plain *English Dishes*, and a cleanly
Wench.

Seighford, Staffordshire,

HONEST RANGER.



RANGER'S FROLICK.

I.

ONE Day in a *Frolick* a courting I went,
To *kiss* and be *free* was my solemn Intent,
So call'd on a Widow (*the first in my Way*)
Whose Answer was 'No Sir' to all I could say,
I left the old Lady, surpriz'd at her Clack,
And laughing resolv'd never once to look back.

II.

II.

The next was a *Milk-Maid* as neat as my Nail,
I offer'd to *milk in* or carry her *Pail*,
She said I surpriz'd her, and frighten'd her Cow,
So begging her *Pardon* with reverend Bow
Took Leave of the *Damsel* without more to do,
Resolv'd to be *blest'd*, and I car'd not with who.

III.

The next in my *Beat* was a *Shepherdefs fair*,
And her I caught *napping*, and no Creature near,
I wak'd her to *bliss* such as I dare not tell,
And wish'd in such *Transport* for ever to dwell,
But she sully'd my Joys with her Tale about Wife,
So *stopping my Ears* I march'd homeward for Life.

IV.

Unlucky for me, in returning I met
The *Milk-Maid* and *Widow*, who both me beset,
The *Shepherdefs* join'd 'em, and all their Discourse
Was teizing of me about *better for worse*.
I answer'd 'em *Ladies*, *I can't wed you all*,
So *laughing took Leave*, and got out of the *Scrawl*.

Bedford-Row, 1760.

HONEST RANGER.

I

To



PHILOMUSUS to HONEST RANGER.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.

HOR.

I.

THIS, *Honest Ranger*, serves to shew
 How well I like your Scheme in view,
Th' intended Publication;
 For what I've seen I must admire,
Thy Progress of poetick Fire,
 And so will half the Nation.

II.

Then, fearless, my Advice pursue,
 Hold up the *Knaves* and *Fools* to view,
 In Virtue's Cause be brave;
 Tho', here and there, you lose a Friend,
 You'll be a gainer in the End,
 And more and better have.

III.

III.

Tho' partial Criticks, big with Pride,
 Against you should with Folly side,
 Think not yourself in Danger;
 But all their vain Attacks despise,
 And, be assur'd, the *Good*, the *Wise*
 " Will join with *Honest Ranger*."

Castle-Hill, Staffordshire,
March 4, 1760.

PHILOMUSUS.



RANGER'S REPLY to PHI-
 LOMUSUS.

I.

KINDLY by you to be *address'd*,
 In Words my *Pleasure's* unexpress'd,
 And know, my (*unknown*) Friend,
 When I to write my Mind employ,
 It is my *Study* and my *Joy*,
 To *please* and none *offend*.

116 RANGER'S PROGRESS.

II.

To *Knaves* and *Fools* of ev'ry Class,
I've held, and still shall hold the Glass,
Steady in *Virtue's* Cause;
'Tis for their good, and I'm their Friend,
Besides to crown with Joy the End,
The *Virtuous* grant *Applause*.

III.

Pursue I *dauntless* shall my Scheme:
To write, and laugh, (sometimes to * *Dream*)
I'll not the least decline:
Urge tho' this may some *sneaking Foes*,
Them as before again t'expose
The *Pleasure* shall be mine.

IV.

If *Pedants* grave, by Critic rules,
Or giggling *Fops* (oft *natural Fools*)
Shou'd ridicule my Pen,
Patient awhile I'll hear 'em rail,
But be assur'd I'll never fail
To write and laugh agen.

* Alluding to the *Dreams*, Page 54, and 93.

V.

Of either Sex (*if good and wise*)
 Next Heav'n their *Friendship* I shall prize,
 And know, my worthy *Stranger*,
 Tho' Thoughts may more *sublime* be penn'd,
 You ne'er shall have a *truer Friend*,
 Than is your HONEST RANGER.

Bedford-Row, March 29, 1760.



The END of TIME. A VISION.

*And the Angel which I saw stand upon the Sea,
 and upon the Earth, lifted up his Hand to Hea-
 ven, and swore by him that liveth for ever and
 ever, that there should be Time no longer.*

Revelation of St. John, Part of Chap. x.

WHEN the great Blaze of Day withdrew
 his Light,
 And wrapt Creation in the veil of Night:

Fast in the Down of placid Sleep I lay,
 And dreamt the Wonders of the last great Day;
 I saw, descending from ethereal Height,
 A mighty Angel urge his rapid Flight;
 Cloath'd with a Cloud that all around him spread,
 The Purple Rainbow crown'd his sacred Head;
 His Face the Glory of the Sun surpass'd,
 His burnish'd Feet celestial Lightning flash'd;
 On Earth and Sea in high majestic State
 He stood, and held th' eternal Book of Fate;
 Then rais'd his Hand aloft in Air and swore,
 By Heav'n's great King, *That Time should be no
 more.*

All Nature sicken'd, as the Angel spoke,
 And her mysterious Chain asunder broke;
 The Sun grew dark, the Moon to Blood was
 turn'd,
 The Stars went out, and all Creation mourn'd.
 Dense Darkness swiftly spread from Pole to
 Pole,

And Fear prevail'd o'er ev'ry living Soul;
 The Brutes, unconscious of a future State,
 Were struck with Wonder and a Dread of Fate;
 But chiefly Man, the Fav'rite of the Skies,
 Was seiz'd with mighty Horror and Surprise.

Th

That appointed Day was come, when in full
Sight

The blessed Jesus from the Realms of Light,
Myriads of Angels kneel'd before his Throne,
And thro' th' expanse his radiant Glory shone.
The Quick and Dead were summon'd to attend,
And all with trembling Steps his Court ascend.
No murm'ring Voice the silent Horror broke,
While the great Judge the final Sentence spoke;
" Ye Wicked go, for you a Hell's prepar'd,
" Ye Righteous come, a Heav'n is your Re-
" ward."

A new Scene open'd, and as quick as thought,
Up from th' affrighted Earth the Blest were caught,
And, swift as Rays of Light, by Heav'n's kind Aid,
Unhurt, to happy Regions were convey'd:
Not so the curs'd; for they, in deep Despair,
Were left behind, the Fruits of Sin to share.
Now rumbling Earthquakes rock'd the pond'rous
Frame,

To ruin all her num'rous Structures came;
Hills roll'd o'er Hills, Earth from her Center
pour'd

A Flood of Fire, which ev'ry Thing devour'd;
Celestial Light'ning, with dread Fury hurl'd,
Off from its Orbit struck the crack'ling World;

The

120 RANGER'S PROGRESS.

The ruin'd Globe, to ev'ry Pow'r & Prey,
Like a red Comet blazing, roll'd away;
Loud Thunder follow'd, ev'ry System quak'd,
I heard the frightful horrid roar, and wak'd.

Thus, while we sleep, the Soul her Pow'r displays,

And in her Dreams awak'ning Scenes surveys;
Awake or sleeping, still eternal Love
Bids thee, O Man, the Present Time improve:
Soon out of Reach the fleeting Moments haste,
And this, for ought thou know'st, may be thy
last:

Th' immediate *now* is thine; when that is o'er,
'Tis past, 'tis gone, and will return no more.

London, March 1760.

HONEST RANGER.

F I N I S.

